

# THE WASHINGTON TIMES MAGAZINE PAGE.

## HELIOTROPE

**Dramatic Film Story of Adventure, Self-Sacrifice and Love**

### When Hearts Are Trumps

A Serial Story

#### FULL OF ROMANCE

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

##### CHAPTER LXIX.

DAISY had still a little more managing to do before her scheme would be perfect. She stifled any qualms of conscience with the stern reminder to her naturally frank self that it was all her dear Bob's sake.

When the music ceased she released Robert, suggesting that he talk for a while to one of the other girls, and sought out Mary Jameson.

Mary smiled at her as she approached. "Robert Elliot has asked me to give him a dance after supper," she remarked. "I am quite pleased when I consider how many other girls there are here. Of course it was natural that he should dance with Barbara—his hostess—and then with you as her best friend."

"Oh, I asked him to dance with me," Daisy told her calmly. "Daisy! How could you?" "Oh, I was determined to see something of him, and he is so popular that I knew when other people got at him I would not have a chance. I was really rather sure that he consented to give me that fox-trot."

"That's nothing," Mary remarked in affected indifference. "He is always awfully good-natured. I know it. I know it," Cynthia cried. "And yet there is something I wish he would do—soon, while we are waiting for supper. Yet I don't like to ask him."

"What is it?" Mary inquired. "I want awfully to hear him sing again. Do you suppose he would?" "I am sure he would," Mary replied. "If someone he really liked asked him."

"Then you ask him—won't you?" Daisy urged. Mary dimpled at the implied compliment. She looked across at Robert, who was talking with Matilda Chalmers.

"Oh, Bob!" she called, "will you do me a favor?" "If I can," he responded. "Sing something for us—please?" Others took up the request. "Ah, yes, Bob—please do!" they pleaded. "But I am not in very good voice," Bob began. Then, as the demands increased in volume, he laughed.

"If you really mean it—well, if you will pardon my faults," he said, "I'll try. But really it's an imposition upon you people for me to break in upon a dance with my singing."

He stepped to the piano and heaved himself to look at Barbara, but only for an instant—yet long enough to note how the color was ebbing from her face, from her very lips.

Was she going to faint? But before he could start toward her, she had slipped noiselessly through the portieres and was gone. (Copyright, 1920, Star Co.)

### Household Suggestions

Cut boiled ham into rounds with the biscuit cutter, heap with potato salad, and sprinkle with chopped dill pickle.

Substitute borax for bluing and the clothes will be whiter. Before placing clothes in water, look them over for stains.

A slice of lemon in bouillon or clear soup is a dainty touch. For iced coffee, use fresh-made coffee, poured into glasses containing one tablespoonful cream and a dash of sugar, with one whipped cream and powdered sugar.

To cover jam jars, cut rounds of paper large enough to cover and to overlap the top of the jar. Brush the inside with well beaten white of an egg and tie over the jar. It will be tight and firm, and exclude all air.

It is a good plan to add a teaspoonful of borax to the last water clothes are rinsed in; this will whiten them considerably. The borax should be pounded before putting it into the water. This will insure its dissolving quickly.

Put a pinch of saltpeter in the vases in which flowers are kept; this will make them look better and keep fresh for a much longer time than they would otherwise do in plain water. Clip about an eighth of an inch from their stalks each day.

### BOOKS

SANDMAN STORIES OF DRUSILLA'S DOLL; and SANDMAN'S RAINY DAY STORIES. By Abbie Phillips Walker. (Mrs. Abbie Phillips Walker). New York: Harper & Bros.

The volumes are respectively the sixth and seventh of Mrs. Walker's series of "Stories for Bedtime" which have fascinated millions of youngsters during the past few years, and are told with such inimitable charm, often so lamentably missing in juvenile fiction, that father or mother becomes just as entranced by the little tales in following the adventures of the various characters represented.

Each book contains from twenty to thirty separate stories of just the right length for reading between "going-to-bed-time" and the departure of "The Sleepytown Express" and a happy passage with pleasant dreams will be a surety.

For birthday or Christmas could be selected from this charming series.

Here's joyful news for every fleshy person who loves good things to eat, especially those who are denying themselves the pleasures of eating. Here's the desire to keep down their weight or to reduce the fat with which they are already burdened.

There's further necessity to diet in order to keep your weight down or reduce the fat you have already acquired. The famous Marmola Prescription has been the most successful remedy for this trouble for many years.

These little tablets after each meal at bedtime until you have reduced your weight to where you want it. No wrinkles or flabbiness will remain. Use Marmola Prescription Tablets according to directions a few weeks and get results without going through long diets of tedious exercise and starvation diet. Get them at any drug store or send the price to the Marmola Co., 211-213 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and they will be mailed prepaid, in plain, sealed cover.



As Popular as Domino Package Sugars American Sugar Refining Company



protest that she may get into trouble. One of the scenes from Heliotrope, the new motion picture, soon to be seen at all leading theatres.

## Is Marriage a Success?

### WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Write frankly, briefly, and truthfully your views on the problem, "Is Marriage a Success?" If you think it not altogether a success, do not fail to suggest what you think is the remedy, WHAT is the trouble, and what could be done. Write in your opinions, experiences, and suggestions. Write frankly and fearlessly—your confidence will be respected. No names of writers published except with the writer's consent. Use only one side of the paper.

Address your contributions to MARRIAGE EDITOR, The Washington Times, Washington, D. C.

SELF-RESPECT DEMANDS THAT HE APPROVE IT. I think that marriage is successful. A certain measure of self-respect demands that I think well of the system by which I came into existence. To that extent I may be prejudiced. The marriage route is so much shorter and is attended by so many more pleasurable thrills than the ancient system of evolution. Of course, R. Kipling says it begins by a man courting "a rag and a bone, and a hank of hair, which the fool called his wife." But even that seems so much nicer than the ancient clod or lump of clay as Messrs. Darwin et al. suggest. Then also think of interminable line of ancestry, and ages of time involved in the initial transmigration of the soul from the time of its conception in the womb of the clod till it finally arrived a babe in human form at the threshold of manhood. Also the perils of the route from arrested development, diversion by hybridization, etc.

Should he escape these last, he would be so much longer on the way than it was possible for him to make his way here, because you would inquire in the words of another, "If so soon I'm to be done for, what one earth was I begun for?"

Oh, the advantages of marriage are so much greater in every conceivable way. In it we have more directness. There is usually but one mother en route. The time required usually is something less than a year; no transmutations, etc. And not least of all, by any means, is the mother's joy of making the "doll clothes" for the expected babe. C. S. T.

STARTED ALL OVER AGAIN AND IS HAPPY. Two letters printed in The Times last evening attracted my attention, and I wish to place my own case with the two mentioned, namely, C. J. M. and M. R. M.

I was married in 1916 and have a boy three years old. In 1915 my husband, through bad associations, was arrested and sent to Lorton for a year and a day. It seemed to me that every one was sneering at me on account of my husband, so I decided to leave him and take my son.

On my husband's release I informed him of this fact and placed my boy in a home, staying with him when I could. My husband tried to get the position he wanted, and then he asked me to come back to him, but I would not on account of the past.

After furnishing an apartment and living alone until he could stand it no longer he informed me that he was starting proceedings for a divorce on the ground of desertion. Being afraid I would lose my boy, I went back to him and we started over again.

Since then I have changed to a better position and my husband has also made good. We have a maid to take care of baby, and our lives, instead of being wrecked by divorce, is now a path of roses, and we are all happy.

I hated to think, once, of being my "independence," but, oh! how thankful I am that I am no more independent, but am only a poor down-trodden married woman. H. R. M.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.) (Copyright, 1917, 1918, by the International Magazine Company.)

round bowlders always awed you and made you the slightest bit uneasy. "And do you remember the brown pools behind those bowlders, where you cautiously dropped your line; and the sudden scurry of a black shadow in the pool, when you thought the jerk and spatter as you flung a speckled trout skyward in mingled joy and consternation?"

"Runners Rest has not changed. House and barns need paint; the garden requires your soft white hands to caress it into charming discipline; the house needs you; the lawns are empty without you; the noise of the river rippling on the shoals sounds lonely. The whole place needs you, Steve, to make it logical. And so I. Because all this has no meaning unless the soul of it shows through."

"When I am perplexed, restless, impatient, unhappy, I try to remember that you have given me a bit of your heart; that you realize you have mine entire—every atom of my love, my devotion . . . There must be some way for us to get on. I don't know how, because you have thought it necessary to leave me blind. But I shall never give you up—unless you find that you care more for another man."

"And now to answer what you have said concerning you and me. I suppose I ought to touch what is, theoretically, another man's. Yet you do not belong to him. And you have begun to fall a little in love with me haven't you? And in this incomprehensible pact it was agreed that you retain your liberty until you came to final decision within two years."

"I don't understand it; I can't feel that, under the strange circumstances, I am unfair to you or to this strange and unexplained enigma named Oswald Grismer."

"As for my attitude toward him, I will not show myself as brood or cherish unworthy malice. I am trying to accept him, with all his evident and unusual qualities, as a man I've got to fight and a man I can't help liking when I let myself judge him honestly."

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Mrs. Hasdock, sure that her ex-husband will try to harm her, goes to her old friend, Moe Simon, and buys a pistol, although he makes

"See here"—Moe was looking forward—"you ain't planning to do no shooting, are you? That's a bad business, Joe. I don't want to be dragged into nothing like that. Respect the law's always been my motto—and besides you ain't got no right to carry a gun without a permit."

"I'll take care of the permit, Moe. You let me have the gun—you got a nice collection of 'em right here. I'll pick out one—not a phony one, either—and when I pay over your 10 per cent I'll hand it back to you."

"Oh, no you won't!" Moe was very decided. "You're up to some deviltry and I can't be mixed up in it."

Mrs. Hasdock scowled at him. "Oh, you won't! Well, I know somewhere also I can get one. You're a fine friend, you are!"

"You ain't going about it the right way," said Moe, adopting a more conciliatory attitude. "Of course, it's nothing to me if you buy a gun so long as you tell me you got a right to buy one."

"Well, I have got a right—now you pick me a good one—one that'll speak straight if I ever have to use it."

"And you'll pay for it?" "Yes, I'll pay, but if you was any kind of a man you'd give it to me."

"I'll let you have it half price," said Moe, leaning over to take a little revolver from the case. "You see this—second hand, yes, but a beauty and a bargain; only \$10 and cheap at twenty—hardly used at all."

"I got to pay, have I?" demanded the woman. "Sure you got to pay—I got to be protected, ain't I?"

From his vantage point Heliotrope Harry saw his ex-wife pick up the pistol and examine it. Then he saw her lay a bill on the glass case and slip the weapon into her bag. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

This Day in History. This is the anniversary of the birth, in 1601 of Louis XIII, King of France, who owes his title to fame to his great Minister, Richelieu, whom he supported against all his enemies, for the glory of France.

Do You Watch Him Carve? Carving at table is one of the most characteristic things that a man can do. It is the household art where all his masterful attributes are called into play. Fire-building, furnace-shaking, and lawn-mowing bring out his homely attributes, but carving is a broader test. Here is a primitive art overlaid with a complex technique; a pioneer act in a dainty environment. For this kind of thing a man should be allowed the freedom of the wilderness. Entrained by the modern table cloth, he must be not only masterful but cautious; not so much fearless as adroit.

The situation is a test not only of the man but also of his relations with his wife. When a married couple feel equally responsible for an act at which only one of them can officiate, they are tempted to hedge, to reserve, to make tactful wife yields sometimes to the impulse to do a little coaching from the side-lines, and many husbands have been known to respond with a few well-chosen words about the knife. This happens sometimes even when the husband is an artist at his work, for the ideals of two artists will occasionally conflict. And even the model wife who ignores the carving and engages the guests in conversation until the worst is over will at times find herself clutching the tablecloth or the guest's breath at the critical point—when the dramatic is being detached from the second joint, for instance, or when the knife hovers over the guest's portion of the steak. These two crises are the great moments for the man who carves.

In fact, you have not taken the complete measure of a man until you have seen him carve both steak and fowl. These two make totally different demands upon the worker. The chicken calls for a sense of structure, a versatile skill in manoeuvring for position, and the delicate wrist of a violinist. But your true portmanteau calls for shrewd judgment and clear-out decisions, with no halfway measures or reconsiderations at all. With the chicken, you can modify, slice, combine, arrange to best advantage on the plate. With the steak, you work in the flat and in one color; every stroke must count. There are men who would rather parakeet out the Balkans than map a steak. —October Scribner.

A Modern Babel of Nationality. The people of India speak about 150 different languages, and are divided into forty-three distinct nationalities—a greater diversity than exists in any other country in the world.

The Region of Cloudland. Clouds are of all heights. The average is one and a half miles. The highest is six. The most lowest—about seven hundred yards from the ground.

Cuticura Soap The Velvet Touch For the Skin

Women's Aches and Pains—Ask for Cuticura Soap and Rubbing Lotion.

Read This Story Here, Then Watch for It in Motion Pictures

Follow the Story on This Page Day by Day, Then Watch for It in Motion Pictures.

"Heliotrope," from the story by Richard Washburn Child, is a Cosmopolitan production, released as a Paramount-Artcraft picture.

Directed by George D. Baker. Screen Version Novelized. By Jane McLean.

W HILE Alice and Jimmie were perfecting plans for their wedding, Heliotrope Harry was watching the comings and goings of his ex-wife with an eagle eye.

The disquieting information imparted by the landlady had served at first to make her more and more determined to remain hidden. After all, she argued that the arrival of Harry and Spike might be a coincidence; but she could not rest with this specious reasoning. Shadows filled with sinister figures began to surround her at night; she lived in constant alarm, and she could not persuade herself to move again.

The landlady's curiosity had been aroused; she found time to call upon this strange woman to learn more if she could. But Mrs. Hasdock herself took the role of questioner. "You gave me a start the other day," she said. "I thought I knew the man you were talking about, but I saw him yesterday and I was wrong."

TRYING HER OUT. Now Heliotrope Harry had not left his room, so the buxom lessee of the house knew Mrs. Hasdock was trying her out. She showed no surprise, merely nodding. "Oh, yes, we're all likely to make mistakes."

"You said there was another man with him, didn't you?" "Sure, a friend—he goes to work early; nice quiet chap he is, too. 'What time does he go usually?' asked Mrs. Hasdock.

"Gets up at 7. I guess he's a real worker, all right; there's few enough of 'em," ventured Mrs. Hasdock, looking better, ventured the landlady after a pause; "perhaps you'll be able to come down to your meals soon. I've got a lot of real respectable people in my house."

But Mrs. Hasdock was in no mood to risk an appearance; she had learned that one of the two roomers went to work early; it would be easy enough to rise at seven, hold her slightly ajar and see who this man was.

The following morning she put her suggestion into practice. With her eyes pressed against the door she watched the landlady and the various boarders go down the stairs to breakfast.

And then she closed the door with a shudder and almost fell out of her chair. Spike Foley had walked carelessly past her. There was no longer any doubt that Heliotrope Harry was the other man. Mrs. Hasdock was consumed with wrath. She had felt that she should have been able to protect herself. Much as she hated to go out, she decided to visit Mr. Simon.

TRAILS HER. Her ex-husband, calmly watching her, saw her go; he was down the three flights of steps with incredible speed, and as she turned to see what he slipped across the street, pulled his hat over his eyes and galloped her.

He was not surprised to see her enter Mrs. Simon's shop, for Spike's first letter had warned him of the compact between the two. But what he beheld through the glass window gave a significance to her visit—he had not dreamed of it.

Mrs. Hasdock greeted Mr. Simon with an offhand air as though her fall were of small importance, but the shrewd pawnbroker was not deceived. Restrained excitement was written in her eyes and in the nervous movements of her hand as she wiped her forehead.

"You come to tell me it's all right?" he queried, peering at her across the counter.

"No, Moe; the truth is I'm in a little difficulty."

"You want more money?" he shook his head. "Nothing doing, lady."

"Did I say anything about money—what's the matter with you?"

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"Oh, advice—that's what you want, shoot; I give you all of that free gratis, no interest even." He struck his fist on the armholes of his vest and waited.

"Moe"—she looked nervously about before she went on—"I want to get a small pistol."

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"Never mind what for—self-protection, that's all. I got a valuable secret and I got to have a little backer to help me keep it. I'm clear, ain't I?"

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